

(1)  
THE  
Popes Comment  
UPON THE  
FAITH of JESUS.

**C** Hanglings unsatisf'd with *Times* and *Laws*,  
Join with the **Popeling** *Mazpies* and *Jack-Davs*:  
And so disfigure *Jesus's* Faith that none  
May know what *Jesus's* Faith, or what's their own.  
Christ's *Ordinances* all they so confound,  
With seven **Sacraments** which they propound:  
Christ's *Ordinance* they scorn, and do defame;  
They change what's *Christ's*, & give their own *Christ's* name.  
Thus have *Popes* dealt with Christian **Baptism**,  
So naming Antichristian **Bantism**.  
Thus have *Popes* dealt with *Supper* of the *Lord*,  
Changing Christ's *Table* to an *Altar-Board*.  
And *Midnight* they have changed into *Noon*,  
Or any time of *Day*; or of the *Moon*.  
All these the Tripple-crowned little **Horn**,  
With Antichristian *Times*, and *Laws* suborn.

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I. Of **BAPTISM**.

**B** *Aptism* (at first) whole *Rivers* did frequent,  
And none admitted that did not *repent*.  
Proud *Pharisees* (reprov'd) *John* sent away,  
Refusing to baptize such Men as *They*.

A

But

But **Popes** compell both *Good* and *Bad* to come,  
And be rantized *Catholicks* of *Rome*.

*Christ* came from *Galilee* to be Baptiz'd,  
So highly was that *Ordinance* then priz'd :  
And when (**Dipt**) out of *Jordan* he ascended,  
The holy *Dove* upon his *Head* descended.

And *God* (the more to ratifie what's done)  
His Voice said, *This is my Beloved Son*.

*Christ* ( afterwards ) and his *Disciples* came  
To *River-Jordan* where they did the same.

In *Enon* *John* baptiz'd, and tells the ground,  
Because that many *Waters* there were found.

Again, when **Christ** was risen from the dead,  
This *Ordinance* he thus encouraged :

He that *Believes*, and is baptiz'd shall be  
Hereafter saved in *Eternity*.

Thousands believ'd the *Gospel* then, and They  
Baptized were by Thousands in a Day ;

*Lydia*, *Narcissus*, *Jaylor*, *Stephanus* ;

Housholds (believing) were baptized thus.

Yet all come short of every *Child* new-born,

Whom **Popes** get in their *Antichristian-Horn*.

How many Millions of such *Baby-Fees*,

Might drain the *Pope's Revenues* by Degrees.

Three **Mysteries** from *Baptism* clearly flow,

Which (Dippings in much *Waters*) plainly show.

New Birth, *Christ's Burial*, and *Righteousness* ;

All three compleat a *Christians* holy Dress.

No *Babe* is born if part be in the *Womb* ;

None buried are if part be out of *Tomb*.

No man's apparel'd with a *Vizard Face*,

And all the rest left naked to *Disgrace*.

*Sprinkling* for *Dipping* ! **Wizards** are their *Urn* ;

And *Proxies* for *Believers* serve their *Turn*.

Peter

Peter baptiz'd *Believers* penitent :  
*Popes* (if so stinted) might lose *Cent. per Cent.*  
 Many **Babes** die before they sin at all ;  
 And many live in Sinners bitter Gall.  
 Infants (new-born) may number *Fees* more sure ;  
 And *Sprinkling* for *Baptizing* can endure.  
 Their want of **faith** by *Prorie* Priests supply ;  
 And so made fit for Heaven if they die.  
 Thus many Babes born newly from the *Womb*  
 Cry, and ( through *Sprinkling* ) pass into the *Tomb*.  
 Into this **Labyrinth** *Popes* have us lead ;  
*Serpents* for *Fishes*, *Stones* they give for *Bread*.  
 Misnaming all the Means we have to save ;  
 Instead of *Life* they lead us to the *Grave*.  
 For Christs *Baptizing*, they *Popes-Sprinkling* call ;  
 Instead of true *Belervers* **Proxies** all.  
 They plunge in *Drops*, they dip in *Basins* ; And  
 All **Aenons-Waters** *Priests* hold in their Hand.  
 Hear now the *Sprinklers Gospel-Dictionary* ;  
 Abstain from *Laughter*, and see how they Vary.  
 Then *John* the **Sprinkler** to the *Desert* went,  
 In *Jordan* *Sprinkling* all that did Repent.  
 But the proud *Pharisees* he sent away,  
 Unworthy then his **Sprinkling** to obey.  
 Yet *Christ* from *Nazareth* to *John* did go,  
 And *Sprinkled* in the *River* was also.  
 Yea, afterwards, *John-Sprinkler* *Sprinkling* chose  
 In *Aenon*, for much *Water* there arose.  
 Thus *Popes* make all *Barbarians* in a *Wood*,  
 And *Wilderness* of *Words* ; none understood.  
 So many *Voices* in the *World* ( *faith Paul* )  
 Yet distinct *Meanings* must be given all.  
 What made *John* go to *Aenon* to Baptize,  
 When *Water* in a *Basin* might suffice ?

Why *Christ* from *Nazareth* to *Jordan* went ?  
 And out of *Jordan* mentions his *Ascent* ?  
 A *Sucking-Bottle* sprinkled on the *Face*,  
 Might serve their *Journey*, and their weary *Pace*.  
 Why went both *Philip* and the Eunuch down  
 Into the *Water*, for a Sprinkled Crown ?  
 This *Glass* may *Wisdom's* Children plainly teach,  
 How to do *Truth*, and *Lies* how to Impeach.

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Now let's transmute our *Thoughts* to know what's next,  
 And read ( your selves ) what is, or is not *Text*.

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## II. Of the SUPPER.

**W**atch, Fast and Pray, Visit, give Alms, sing Songs ;  
 Each *Duty* unto *Christians* oft belongs.  
 But when the time approacheth to the *Feast*,  
 Let each wash *Feet* from Greatest to the Least.  
 A *Feast* ; a *Night* of solemn Celebration ;  
 Greatly to be observ'd with *Admiration*.  
 A *Night* ; that *Night*, so many hundred Years  
 To be observ'd, before *Christ* once appears.  
 A *Night* ; that *Night* which *Christ* did then ordain,  
 To eat his *Supper* till he comes again.  
 That *Night* observed greatly to the *Lord* ;  
 No *Night* ( of all the *Nights* ) of such *Record*.  
*Night* was the *Womb* of *Time* that brought forth *Light* ;  
 And *God* himself gave *Darkness* name of *Night*.  
*Night* begins *Day*, and *Day* it self must cease,  
 When *Night* comes on, and *Darkness* doth increase.  
*Night* every *Day* with *Darkness* doth entomb,  
 And *Night* sends every *Morning* from the *Womb*.  
 Each *Night* gives *Resurrection* to each *Day* ;  
 So interlarded *Time* doth pass away.

*Night*

*Night* receives labouring men with toil Oppress't;  
 And brings the wearied *Mind* into its *Rest*.  
*Night* doth revive the *Body* and the *Mind*;  
 Bodies, new Strength, and *Mind* fresh Thoughts doth find.  
*God* in thick *Darkness* dwells of *Misteries*,  
 If *Solomon* speaks *Truth*, who was so *Wise*.  
 But (maugre all) *Pope-Changlings* make no more  
 Of *Night* or *Day*, than of an *Alehouse* score.  
 The *Catholicks* make all things like *Themselves*,  
 Common; Unclean; Prodigious horned *Elves*.  
 That *Night*; in *Twilight* was the young *Lamb* kill'd;  
 And *Basins* with the *Blood*, and *Entrals* fill'd.  
 The *Skin* they flay, and from the *Body* pluck;  
*Lintels* and *Door-posts* with the *Blood* were struck:  
 Which (from the *Angel*) did the *House* secure,  
 Whil'st *Egypt* did the dreadful stroak endure.  
 Then the whole *Lamb* was roasted at the *Fire*,  
 With *Head* and *Legs*, which did some time require.  
 Then *Israel* did eat it all in hast,  
 To Sup before that *Midnight* overpast.  
 No sooner was the *Passover* thus ended,  
 But the Lords *Supper* was to be attended;  
 Of *Bread* and *Wine*; *Christ's Body* and *Christ's Blood*,  
 As Crucified on (the) *Cross* of *Wood*.  
 This is (that) *Feast* which comes but once a *Year*,  
 As often as first full *Moon* doth appear.  
 As — stints that (oft) abus'd *Frequentative*,  
 Til *Sun* and *Moon* in *Ram* the *Earth* revive.  
 'Οὐκείν, nor Πολλεύς, calls to *Dine*,  
 But οὐκείν — Sups that *Night* with *Bread* and *Wine*.  
 Sad News for *Rome*: Ah beggerly poor *Whore*!  
 Bate *Babes* and *Masses*, and take half their *Store*.  
 But *Christ's Feast* is not common; (bought with *Blood*;) )  
 Not (Catholick) but (Sacred) 'tis so good.

When

When they had eat, and drunk, a **Hymn** they sing,  
 This holy *Feast* in *Memory* to bring.  
 Then to the *Fatal-Garden* **Jesus** went,  
 Where *He* ( in **Agony** ) some Hours spent.  
 All his *Disciples* should have Watch't and Pray'd,  
 But slept, till **Judas** came, who him Betray'd.  
 Should such a *Night* rot out of *Memory* ?  
 Let *Popes* and *Horn-men* do't ; so will not I.  
 Behold a *Room* with *Tapers* all hung round,  
 ( As in a solemn **Funeral** is found : )  
 And in the midst a *Table* purely spread,  
 Whereon a *Cup* of *Wine*, and *Loaf* of *Bread* ;  
 Are set to Solemnize Memorial,  
 Of *Flesh* and *Blood* in *Christ's* own *Funeral*.  
 Then ( after their own *Supper* ) *Saints* draw near,  
 To be Partakers of this holy *Chear*.  
 This *Feast* is call'd the **Supper** of the *Lord*,  
 Which doth another note of *Night* afford.  
 Men do not Sup at *Noon*, nor Dine at *Night* :  
*Dinner* for *Noon*, *Supper* for *Candle-light*.  
 Better in holy things once to excell,  
 Than thousand times to fail of doing well.  
 The **Bread** ( when broken ) given is to eat ;  
 The **Cup** is also given after *Meat*.  
 As lively **Symbols** to be understood,  
*Christ's* broken *Body*, and his *Shedded Blood*.  
 Which ( being done ) their *Hearts* are joyn'd in one,  
 To Sing a **Hymn** of *Praise* to *God* alone.  
 Can we do better than to Watch and Pray,  
 As *Christ*, and his *Disciples* shew'd the way ;  
 Passing the *Night* in *Duties* several,  
 Concluding with a **Blessing** over all ?

BUT

**B**UT **Rome** (a *Beast* that hath no *Parallel*)  
 The *Angel* knew not to describe him well.  
 He calls four *Beasts*, four *Kings*; above the rest,  
 The fourth is called the most hideous *Beast*.  
 The *Angel* of the Lord doth him discover,  
 On seven *Hills* to Reign the World all over.  
 Devouring, breaking, stamping under Feet;  
 Destroying all that ever he could meet.  
 Describing seven *Heads*; on them *Horns* ten:  
 All Crowned *Kings*; no ordinary Men.  
 At last a *Little-Horn* comes after all;  
 Roots up three *Horns*, and riseth by their *Fall*:  
 Wearing three *Crowns* upon his *Papal-Head*,  
 Which struck the *World* with Wonder, and with Dread.  
*Eyes* had it as a *Man*, and *Looks* more stout  
 Than all his *fellows*, looking round about.  
 He also hath above his staring *Eyes*  
 A *Forehead* written full of *Blasphemies*.  
 A *Mouth* that speaketh wonderful great things  
 Against *Christ Jesus* who is *King* of *Kings*.  
 Thinking to change both *Times*, and *Laws* each hour;  
 Wearying, and killing *Saints* with all his Power.  
 Into the *Throne* of *God* he doth advance,  
 Shewing that *He* is *God* of *Spain* and *France*.  
 Yea, he lays claim to *England* with the rest;  
 Nothing will satisfy this ravenous *Beast*.  
 This is (that) *Beast*; that *Triple-crowned Horn*,  
 Which *Times* and *Laws* of *Truth* with *Lies* suborn.  
 New *Lords*, new *Laws*; the *Scene* is alter'd now;  
 For unto *Popes* all *Kings* their *Knees* do bow.  
 There was but one *God* once; *Popes* make *God-makers*;  
 And *Changlings* are above all *God-forsakers*.

One

One **Christ**, once Crucified, once sufficed ;  
 Popes make so many they are now despised.  
 Our *Saviour* unto **Heaven** shew'd the way :  
*Popes* make a thousand *Saviours* in a Day.  
 And on an *Altar* they do them install ;  
 They know no *Table* of the *Lord* at all.  
 And as to *Supper*, all times serve their *Turn* ;  
 A **Mass** at *Noon*, or *Night*, if *Tapers* burn.  
 His *Lamps* can burn out *Day-light*, though at *Noon* ;  
 And *Shutters* blindfold *Day-light* quite as soon.  
 For all their wayes are of a blackish *Dye*,  
 Where **Truth** transformed is into a **Lie**.  
 Thus all their *Chappels* are dark *Lanthorns* made ;  
 They neither want for *Darkness* nor for *Shade*.  
 The *Bread* and *Wine* (common to all Partakers :)  
**Wafers** to *People* now ; **Wine** to *God-makers*.  
 The *Bread* ( when broken ) given is to all ;  
 A whole **Christ** ( now ) to ev'ry share doth fall.  
 Each *Wafer* a whole *Christ*, when once 'tis hallow'd :  
 How many *Christs* hath ev'ry **Papist** swallow'd ?  
 Yet all these *Saviours* go to *Purgatory*,  
 With those that swallow'd them. A doleful *Story*.  
 And thus ends all their *Glory* with their *Hope* ;  
 There let us leave them with their *Pagan-Pope*.  
 But let us only **Heaven** meditate,  
 For thither will our *Saviour* us translate.

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*Deteriora sequor ; video meliora, proboque.*

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